Or feede on nouriſhing diſhes, or keepe you warme,
Or ſue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne perſon: nay, when I haue a ſuite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
It ſhall be full of poiſe and difficulty,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
Whereon I doe beſeech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my ſelfe.
Deſd. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, I'le come to thee ſtraight.
Deſd. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit* Deſd. *and* Em.
Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my ſoule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. What doeſt thou ſay *Iago*?
Iag. Did *Michael Caſsio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?
Oth. He did from firſt to laſt: -- Why doeſt thou aske?
Iag. But for a ſatisfaction of my thoughts.
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?
Iag. I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very often.
Iag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? Indeed, diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iag. Honeſt my Lord? *Oth.* Honeſt? I honeſt.
Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doeſt thou thinke?
Iag. Thinke my Lord?
Oth. Thinke my Lord? By heauen he ecchoes me.
As if there were ſome monſter in his thought:
Too hideous to be ſhewne: thou didſt meane ſomething;
I heard thee ſay but now, thou lik'ſt not that,

When *Caſsio* left my wife: what didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſell,
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cridſt indeed?
And didſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible counſell: if thou doeſt loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iag. My Lord, you know I loue you.
Oth. I thinke thou doeſt,
And for I know, thou art full of loue and honeſty,
And weigheſt thy words, before thou giue em breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine affright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall knaue,
Are trickes of cuſtome; but in a man that's iuſt,
They are cloſe denotements, working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iag. For *Michael Caſsio*,
I dare preſume, I thinke that he is honeſt,
Oth. I thinke ſo to.
Iag. Men ſhould be that they ſeeme,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be what they ſeeme.
Iag. Why then I thinke *Caſsio's* an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay yet there's more in this,
I preethee ſpeake to me to thy thinkings:
As thou doeſt ruminate, and giue the worſt of thought,
The worſt of word.
Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaues are free to,
Vtter my thoughts? Why, ſay they are vile and falſe:
As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome vncleanely apprehenſions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in Seſſion ſit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou doeſt conſpire againſt thy friend *Iago*,